

She had a face surpassing fair,
All the world's a stage,
And I
Well, and her, nothing less;
To be
Three-ply.
Of course she knew; she was not blind;
She saw
And good;
For when I asked her if she'd wed
A chap like me, she blushed, and said
The world.
Oh, then the summer quickly flew
Till the time came to say adieu
One night.
She promised when I went away
That every single blessed day
She'd write.
But her first letter drove me mad
Almost, with wild despair, for sad
To tell,
This lovely maid, for whom I yearned
So longingly, had never learned
To spell.
—[Journal of Education.]

FAIR OPHELIA.

BY S. E.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

"So be it. Since you doubt it you shall know the truth—if only to humble some of your miserable pride!" he said, and each word fell clearly on her ears. "You tell me Simon is innocent; you are right, and when you fix upon me as the criminal you are not far out. I did not think I had such an exceedingly clever wife. The penetration you have shown has quite bewildered me!"

"You are guilty! You killed poor Basil!" Lily gasped, scarce daring to believe him, though his confession only strengthened her fears.

"Yes; you might have known I alone was guilty! Glandore was your accepted lover, therefore my rival; and as he refused to give you up, I struck him from my path! I would do it again if necessary!"

"You villain! And to think another has suffered all this time for your guilt! But you shall not escape unpunished; the world shall know the truth from your own lips!"

Ralph laughed, and the sound grated unpleasantly on Lily's ears; it was so full of terrible triumph.

"If I had feared you, do you think I should have betrayed my secret?" he asked mockingly. "You are my wife, and a wife is not allowed to give her husband up to justice! You will suffer, my peerless Lily—suffer such anguish as you have never before felt! Do I not know how your soul will shrink from the bond which links you to an assassin? I delight in your torture, as you have gloried all the months in scoring my love. We are quits now."

"I will never stay with you! The chains that bind us have been severed by your own evil words! Nothing on earth would induce me to remain beneath the roof of a murderer!"

"Unfortunately you have no choice. The law has no power to free you, so you must reconcile yourself to your life!"

"Have you no pity for the man who suffers for your crime? Can you see his wife widowed—his child branded with shame, and rest content?" Lily asked despairingly.

"Quite so. Some one must bear the blame—why not Simon?"

"You are a fiend! My father at least will listen to my prayer and take me from you."

"I do not think you will tell him. You are perfectly aware that the shock of knowing he had married his daughter to a scoundrel would kill him."

Lily clasped her hands convulsively together, and with faltering steps crossed the room. She felt suffocated—faint, and longed to be free from her husband's baleful presence.

As the door closed behind her, Ralph laughed heartily, and, with a gay song upon his lips, hastened away, delighted at the pain he had just inflicted.

Little did he guess that another had overheard his wretched confession—one whose voice the law had no power to silence.

Hidden in the tiny room leading from the boudoir, hearing every word with a world of terrible anguish, Gipsy had listened silently to the end; never once moving or uttering a cry, though often tempted to do so.

Her face was ghastly in its awful pallor; her eyes dilated and vacant; the hand which grasped the velvet portiere might have been carved in marble, it was so still—so rigid.

"Is it true? Can it be possible? Yet his own words condemn him!" she moaned, wondering what fearful weight lay at her breast, turning her heart to stone, and the life-blood to icy coldness.

Though she had never loved her brother, she had never thought him guilty of crime; the knowledge gave her a shock of terrible pain, making her grow faint and dizzy.

"Poor—poor Lily! And to think her young life is to be sacrificed to his wicked spite! She must not—shall not suffer! How can I keep silent when the truth will make so many happy?" Gipsy shivered, and stole softly to her own room, where she could ponder quietly over this fearful secret.

Long she sat there, lost in deep reverie; the day drew to a close, and dim shadows were falling before she roused herself. Curiously enough, no one had

bought
foreboding
ing place
placed
Have
Gipsy
then as
themselves
She did not
Her head throbed
ached with the long working, and her
fingers grew so stiff they could scarcely
hold the pen.

Still she wrote on, and not until the last word had been added, the closely-written sheets placed in an envelope, sealed, and addressed, did she fling herself languidly on the bed, and fall into the deep sleep of utter exhaustion.

A very quiet sorrowful party met next morning at breakfast. Ralph was not there, but Lily and Gipsy both looked as if they had passed the night in bitter grieving.

Gipsy glanced earnestly at her companion's changed face, and the tender kiss she gave her was more loving than usual, though Lily almost shrank from that caress.

"I am going into the village now; is there anything I can do for you?" she asked gently.

Lily raised her head, but bowed it almost immediately, the flash of hope dying from her eyes.

"No—nothing, thank you," she answered listlessly, too lost in her own gloomy musings to notice the wistful look that Gipsy gave her as she left the room.

With hurried steps she hastened towards Peggy's home, startling the woman by her unexpected appearance.

"How ill you look, Miss Gipsy! Have you been fretting again?" she asked, struck by the haunted expression in the girl's eyes.

Gipsy tried to smile, but even Johnny's bright prattle failed to rouse her from her sadness.

"I am in trouble, Peggy, and as you are the only one who can help me, I have come to you."

"You may be sure I will do all I can, miss, though it is not much I can help you in."

"Yes, you can, Peggy. I want you to mind this packet for me; you see the address written there, but as you value your future happiness and your boy's good name, let no one know of this letter until you hear tidings of my death. Then, without losing any time, put it in the squire's own hands."

"Surely, Miss Gipsy, you do not think of dying? It makes me quite shiver to hear you talk so strangely!" Peggy exclaimed, turning the sealed packet curiously about. "I hope it will be long indeed before I am obliged to give this up, if I am to keep it during your life."

"Don't hope that, Peggy!" Gipsy said bitterly, rising to leave the cottage. "Your husband's freedom depends on that letter, so guard it safely."

Peggy pondered long over the girl's strange words; Gipsy's sad face and broken-hearted voice had impressed her deeply.

It was with a troubled sigh she at length locked the letter in a small box, wondering what secret was hidden there.

Straight to her brother's room Gipsy went on reaching home. If she was moved by any unusual emotion, no trembling of lips or hands betrayed her. She glided towards him like a little white ghost, her dark dress trailing softly behind her.

"What do you want?" he asked roughly, frowning across the table at her.

"Only a few words with you, Ralph Rosslyn," the girl answered quietly, her voice full of pitiless contempt. "Now I know what you are—what fearful guilt lies on your soul. I cannot think of you as my brother! It was you who murdered Basil Glandore—the man whom I loved so dearly. How could you rest so calmly with that stain upon your soul?"

"Did Lily tell you this?" Ralph said hoarsely, clenching his hands angrily over his books.

"No; I was in the adjoining room and heard all. Once I swore if ever I discovered the real assassin, I would kill with my own hands. You are my brother, so I cannot take your life; but I can betray you."

"You dare not!"

"You will see," Gipsy answered scornfully, drawing back as he sprang toward her. "Do not touch me, or I may forget we are of kin! You say I dare not betray you. That is false! though the world shall know your guilt only when I die."

"You may live longer than I."

A strange smile quivered on the girl's face, and her eyes grew radiant. "No; I shall not do that. One life must pay the penalty of your crime—yours is sacred in my hands, but my own I can, and will take! Lily shall be free at all costs, though my death and your disgrace alone will break her bondage!"

Ralph gazed at her, wondering if the shock had turned her brain; he did not see her hand move slowly toward her breast, and strike heavily against it. As she staggered, however, a low exclamation broke from him, and he caught her swooning form in his arms, noticing with terror the red blood oozing from a wound just above her heart.

"Good heavens, Gipsy! what have you done?"

"Betrayed your secret—shared your

doom!" she whispered tremulously; then, with a smile upon her lips, fell dead in his arms.

Who can tell what thoughts chased each other through her guilty brother's brain! His one instinct was to find out how far her words were true—if she had really betrayed him.

He was not long left in doubt; while Lily still sobbed wildly over Gipsy's dead form, and Ralph paced restlessly about the house, Peggy gave into the squire's hand the confession which branded Rosslyn as a murderer and cleared Leigh's name.

Full of horror and alarm, Squire Glandore had Ralph arrested; and unable longer to deny the dark secret disclosed in his sister's dying confession, he went tranquilly to his fate.

Lily was free at last! But at what a price! It seemed as if she, too, would sink beneath the open shame, if thoughts of her father had not encouraged her to endure.

"We shall be happy when the shadow is cleared from our home, darling," Lord Audley whispered lovingly, the day after poor Gipsy's burial. "In a brighter future you will soon forget these brief months of woe. I am sorry, indeed, I ever forced you to wed that rascal."

"We will not speak his name," Lily answered shudderingly. "I never want to think of him again! He is dead to me, as he is dead to the world."

Under her old name, with much of the old sweetness which had endeared her to all in past days, Lily returned to her father's home, trying to forget she had ever left its safe shelter.

Poor Peggy was, indeed, rejoiced to know her husband could face the world without a stigma on his character. Simon might look pale and worn to a shadow; her welcome was not less glad when he at last returned.

"Thank God I see you again!" Leigh exclaimed fervently, as he clasped his wife in his arms. "Once I almost feared we should never meet in this world, and the thought brought me much suffering."

"I knew you would come back to baby and me! Kiss your son, Simon."

Leigh took the laughing child in his arms, gazing tenderly into the sweet dimpled face. With almost reverent love he pressed his lips to Johnny's rosy ones, feeling for the first time his heart thrill with fatherly tenderness.

"My two treasures! If it were not for Miss Lily, I should count this the happiest moment in my life. Remembering her trouble, and poor Miss Gipsy's sad death, there is just a wee shade of regret in my joy. Please God she will soon forget the past, and as the memory of Mr. Rosslyn grows fainter, may sweet thoughts of dear Master Basil keep fresh her heart, bringing peace to ease her sorrow!"

Peggy sighed, then smiled contentedly into her husband's face. What right had they to grieve when fate had been so kind! Life for them had indeed recommenced, and this time without one dark cloud.

THE END.

Curious Chinese Advertisements.

The North China Herald gives one or two very curious specimens of the advertisements which appear in the Chinese papers. One is from a mother to her son, who has run away from home, and it is worded as follows:

"Take care that you are not struck by lightning. Your mother weeps bitterly for you as she pens these lines in order that they may be read by her son. When you ran away from home on the 30th of the eighth moon the people of the shop came and asked us what had become of you. It was thus that we learned your flight. I nearly died of fright, and since then my food and sleep have benefited me but little. I am still crying and moaning. I have received your letter which has come from behind the horizon, but it does not tell me where I can find you. I am now at almost the last extremity, and our family has had to put up with cruel insults from strangers. If you do not return I can stand all this no longer and shall assuredly put an end to my existence, in which case you would be in danger of being struck down by lightning. If you return, no matter in what way, all will be arranged. I have even invented a plan by which your father will know nothing about your escapade. My life or death is only a question of a few more days. I entreat all well disposed persons to spread abroad the advertisements so that it may be read by all whom it may concern. They will thus earn a profusion of hidden merit. Written by a woman of Son-cho. Take care that you are not struck by lightning!"

A second advertisement is from a husband whose wife had run away with a man whom she had met in a tea-house. The advertisement sets out at great length the circumstances attending this elopement, and offers a reward of \$20 to any one giving him information as to her whereabouts.

Miss Mary Murrey, the authoress, is a perpetual surprise. How the little pale faced, fragile looking lame girl, who must sit to receive her friends, can write so like a man it is hard to understand.

Miss Riden, of Detroit, is the latest dress reformer. She declares that the gown for woman is the insignia of serfdom, and advocates either trousers or knickerbockers for the fair sex.

Extinction of the Buffalo.

The time was when a buffalo hunter would have scorned the idea of gathering up dry bones for a living. Indeed, it often happened that His Royal Highness would not even deign to skin the buffalo that his own rifle brought down. But, thanks to his own reckless improvidence, "Othello's" occupation's gone." The buffalo are all dead, and he must choose between punching cows and picking up bones. To this extent the slain buffalo is his own avenger.

At various points along the line of the Northern Pacific Railway westward from Jamestown, Dak., buffalo bones lay piled in great heaps beside the track waiting for shipment. They are the only monuments that remain to the American Bison, which, to quote the great original observation of every tenderfoot, "once roamed in vast herds over these boundless prairies." In a short time even the bones will be gathered up, and nothing whatever remain to mark the presence upon this earth of 8,000,000 bison at one time save what can be found in the museums, the zoological gardens or the tertiary deposits of the earth itself. Could any war of extermination be more complete or far-reaching in its results?

From the Red Buttes onward you see where the tallions have gone. This was once a famous buffalo range, and now the bleaching skeletons lie scattered thickly all along the trail. Like ghastly monuments of slaughter, these to the smooth, hard surface of the prairie from the huge bull skeletons. Beside the wagon trail to the west, in the dead lands, where they are, which, in the distance, look like to-day precisely as they fell four years ago, except that the flesh is no longer upon them. The head stretches far forward, as if for its last gasp, and the legs lie helplessly upon the turf with precisely the same curves as when they moved for the last time.

Now and then you come to a place where the hunter got a "stand" on a "bunch," and from his hiding-place in the head of a gully or among the rocks fired his rifle with his 40-120 Sharpe's rifle, at the rate of a shot every two or three minutes, until every buffalo of the bunch had fallen. Here you can count seventeen skeletons on a little more than an acre, and near by there are fourteen more that evidently fell at the same time. The powerful effect of the strong, parching winds, and the intense dry heat of summer, has literally stripped the flesh from the bones, but the skeletons lie precisely as they fell. The bones are still held together by a few dried-up ligaments, but are bleached as white as snow. Sometimes we found immense skeletons that were absolutely perfect, even to the tiny carpal and tarsal bones, the size of a hazelnut. Of these dry skeletons we selected eight of the largest, and they are now cached in the storage-rooms of the National Museum against the great famine for bison that will soon set in.

Beyond the Red Buttes we were seldom out of sight of bleaching skeletons, and often forty of fifty were in sight at one time. The skimmers always left the heads of the bulls unskinned, and the thick hide has dried down upon the skulls harder than the bone itself, holding the tangled masses of the shaggy frontlet firmly in place until it bleaches brown in the sunshine, and is finally worn away by wind and weather. Many of these heads are so perfectly preserved, and with their thick masses of wavy brown hair are so fresh looking, that the slaughter of the millions is brought right down to the present, and it seems to have been the work of yesterday. We can endure the sight of the bones reasonably well, for we expect it; but those great hairy heads make us feel our loss most keenly. At first it is impossible to look at one without a sigh, and each group of skeletons brings back the old thought, "What a pity!"—*Cosmopolitan*.

The Practice Too Complex.

"So you didn't succeed in the law business in Wyoming?" said a friend to a young man whom he met on the train.

"No; I'm going back."

"What was the trouble?"

"I wasn't hardly well enough acquainted with the Wyoming practice. I had a collection against a man and tried to get the amount for three months and then gave it up. The Bar Association took the matter up and brought it before the Judge, and he disbarred me. He said any body who didn't know enough to take the subject down and pound him with the butt of a six-shooter till he was glad to pay wasn't well enough acquainted with the Territorial practice to be allowed to plead before the Wyoming Courts. I'm going back to New Jersey, where the practice is more simple."—*Davota Bell*.

A WONDERFUL OPERATION.

A Surgeon Joins the Severed Nerve in a Man's Wrist—A Complete Success.

"There is no department of medicine," observed a prominent lecturer of a city medical college to a Mail and Express reporter, "in which more progress has recently been made than in the study and treatment of diseases of the nerves. Some years ago, not so very long, either, surgical operations or the cure of nerve diseases were among the absolute impossibilities of the science, and it was only within the past few years that wealthy patients have dared to trust themselves in the hands of American surgeons for the treatment of these extremely delicate ailments. But so great has been the advancement in knowledge, skill and experience of our local practitioners that there is hardly an operation known, if any which can not be performed on this side of the Atlantic with the same skill as abroad."

"It is only two months ago this morning," continued the professor, "that an operation was privately performed in our hospital operating room, in the presence of a few prominent physicians, that would have made the operator known all over the world not many years ago, and even in the light of all our modern science, is one of the most difficult of all operations to perform successfully. To-day the patient was discharged, perfectly cured. The patient is a young German, a grocery clerk who, some time before coming to me, had the misfortune to frightfully cut the wrist and under side of his forearm in falling down stairs, severing the nerves as well as the muscles of that member. The wound healed within the usual time, but the young German noticed to his dismay that he had lost the use of his fingers, and his hand was both blue and numb, which latter sensation increased daily, until at last it might as well have been made of wood, so far as any practical value was concerned. This continued for about a month, when the young man, fearful of a continuance of the symptoms, laid the case before me at the hospital, and, after a thorough examination, I advised the operation which has been so successfully performed by a friend of mine, one of the most skillful surgeons of the time."

"On that morning," went on the doctor, "before a small audience, the operation was begun, the details of which I will spare you. After putting him completely under the influence of an anesthetic, a cut was made in the forearm along the course of the nerve and through the cicatrix. Carefully picking his way through the thick scar and adjoining tissue, the surgeon came upon the sheath or cover of the nerve. This was followed down into the scar, in which one end of the severed nerve was embedded. The other end, which was separated from the former by more tissue, was also found, when the two were vivified by cutting off their extremities, thereby securing fresh and suitable surfaces. They were then, with infinite delicacy and exactness, brought together precisely as they were before the accident. A fine silver wire was passed through each of them and they were drawn closely together into their natural positions. The wound was now closed and antiseptically dressed, the limb securely fastened, in splints, so that the patient could not disarrange by accident what had been arranged with so much care, and the operation was finished."

"In a few days," added the Professor, in conclusion, "our friend could feel the prick of a pin in his hand and even appreciate warmth. The improvement constantly increased, until at the end of a week the blueness disappeared and the hand had assumed a more natural appearance. Two months later—this morning—he finds he can move his fingers almost as well as ever, and within a very short time his recovery will be complete."—*New York Mail and Express*.

Her Cruel Joke on Her Mother.

A few days ago a Chester lady and daughter went to Philadelphia to do some shopping, and on returning in an afternoon train the daughter sat in the seat behind her mother. The conductor began collecting the tickets soon after the train started, and reached the seat in which the mother sat just as the train entered the tunnel. He paused to wait until they were out in the light, remaining standing as the train rushed through the darkness. The daughter, who goes by the pet name of "Pigeon," saw her chance, and, reaching over to the seat in front, suddenly grasped her mother, who, supposing the conductor to be the aggressor, let out a scream that startled everybody in the vicinity. The mother was hopping mad at that conductor all the way to Chester.—*Chester Times*.